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WHO'S
the
DUPE.

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Oxberry's Edition.

WHO'S THE DUPE?

A FARCE;

By Mrs. Cowley.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

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Remarks.

WHO'S THE DUPE?

THIS farce is written with considerable tact and knowledge of the stage, but it pretends neither to brilliancy of dialogue, nor truth of character. The humour of the piece arises from the situation and exaggerated manners of the dramatis personæ, in both of which the authoress has shown much ingenuity and much happiness of invention. With all these advantages, the farce is gradually sinking out of public sight, and must, in the lapse of a few years, be consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets. The class of beings so happily caricatured in it, the Doileys, and the Graduses, can hardly be said to exist with us any longer; not that pedantry is banished from our seats of learning, or ignorance from our cities, but that these vices appear in different shapes and habits; manners are more assimilated than they used to be; the strong lines of demarcation between the scholar and the merchant, are done away; each knows more, and partakes more, of the character of the other; professions have lost much of their individuality, much of their peculiar costume, applying the phrase to habits of the mind as well as to those of the body.

Had Gradus and Doiley been faithful portraits, they might still have had an antiquarian sort of value as the representatives of times gone by; but, unfortunately they are nothing more than caricatures, and caricatures are only laughable from our acquaintance with the original. This is true even of better pieces than "Who's the Dupe?"

The plot is not very probable, but farce has extensive privileges, and no less undefined than those of a British House of Commons; farce can never be wrong, inasmuch as it never pretends to be right; it is folly in propriâ personâ, and as long as the bells jingle merrily on his cap, we have no right to complain; your grave fool is the only animal that is actually intolerable.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is nearly one hour and a half.

Stage Directions.

- By R.H. is meant Right Hand.
L.H. Left Hand.
S.E. Second Entrance.
U.E. Upper Entrance.
M.D. Middle Door.
D.F. Door in flat.
R.H.D. Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. Left Hand Door.

Costume.

DOILEY.

Brown coat, flowered silk waistcoat, and black breeches.

SANDFORD.

Blue coat, buff kerseymere waistcoat and breeches

GRANGER.

First dress.—Fashionable black coat, white waistcoat, and black breeches. Second dress.—Plain black suit.

GRADUS.

First Dress.—Plain black suit. Second Dress.—The extreme of fashion.

SERVANT.

Dark blue livery coat, yellow waistcoat, and breeches.

MISS DOILEY.

Blue satin body, leno petticoat trimmed blue.

CHARLOTTE.

White dress.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Doiley</i> - - - - -	Mr. Downton.	Mr. W. Farren.
<i>Sandford</i> - - - - -	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Gradus</i> - - - - -	Mr. Bannister.	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Granger</i> - - - - -	Mr. Decamp.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Servant</i> - - - - -	Mr. Evans.	Mr. Evans.
<i>Elizabeth</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Dormer.	Mrs. T. Hill.
<i>Charlotte</i> - - - - -	Miss Mellon.	Mrs. Gibbs.

WHO'S THE DUPE ?

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Park.*

Enter GRANGER, R.H. meeting SANDFORD, L.H.

Sand. Ah! Granger, by all that's fortunate. I wrote to you last night in Devonshire to hasten your return.

Grang. Then your letter carrier and I jostled each other near one this morning on this side Hounslow. My damn'd postilion—nodding, I suppose, in his dreams over the charms of some Gresalinda—run against the mail and tore off my hind wheel; I was forced to mount his one-eyed hack, and, in that curious equipage, arrived at three this morning.

Sand. But how has the negotiation with your brother ended? Will he put you into a situation to——

Grang. Yes, to take a heat with the Gentoos. He'll speak to Sir Jacob Jaghire to get me a commission in the East Indies——'and, you know, every body grows rich there—and then, you know, you're a soldier, you can fight.'

(In a tone of mimicry.)

Sand. And thus your negotiation ended?

Grang. Oh! I had to listen to a very wise dissertation about running out, as he calls it.—“Five thousand (*Mimicking.*) enough for any younger son but a prodigal;” really I can't see how I could help it. Jack Spitter, to be sure, had twelve hundred; the fellow was honest, and would have paid; but he married a fine lady, so died insolvent. It was not the only accident of the same kind that occurred to me:—the purchase of my commission too, the necessary expenses of my last campaign, and the distresses of my fellow soldiers, have swallowed the rest.

Sand. Poor Granger! So, with a spirit to do honour to five thousand a year, thou art not worth five shillings.

Grang. *C'est vrai.* Should the affair with my dear Miss Doiley be crossed, I am the most undone dog on earth.

Sand. What then, under all circumstances to a friend, I suppose you will frankly confess that her fortune is nearly as much your object as herself?

Grang. Why look'e, Sandford; I am not one of those sighing milksops, who could live in a cottage on love, or sit contentedly under a hedge, and help my wife to knit stockings; but on the word of a soldier, I had rather marry Elizabeth Doiley with twenty, than any other woman on earth with a hundred thousand.

Sand. And the woman must be very unreasonable, who would not be satisfied with such a distinction. But Elizabeth's father as my letter would have informed you, has taken the liberty to choose a son-in-law without your permission.

Grang. Ha! a lover! That then is the secret she hinted, and which brought me so hastily to town. Who—what is he?

Sand. Every thing that you are not.

Grang. Psha! there is such mixture of jest and earnest

Sand. Why, that he should be your contrast, and yet not succeed with the lady, is rather a puzzler to be sure. Since they became my neighbours in Suffolk, I am in the secrets of the whole family, and for your sake, have cultivated an intimacy with Abraham Doiley, citizen and slop-seller—In a word, the father consults me, the daughter complains to me, and the cousin romps with me. Can my importance be increased?

Grang. My dear Sandford! the lover! (*Impatiently.*)

Sand. My dear Granger! The sum total is this: Old Doiley, bred himself in a public seminary (but, that being a common charity school,) swears he'll have a man of downright *larning* for his son. His caprice makes him regardless of fortune; but Elizabeth's husband must have Latin at his fingers' ends, and be able to teach his grandsons to sputter in Greek.

Grang. Oh! I'll study Hebrew, and write odes in Chaldee, if that will content him; but, may I perish, if all the pedants in England, with the Universities to back 'em, shall

rob me of my Elizabeth !—see here—(*Producing a Letter.*)—an invitation from her own dear hand—This morning—this very hour—in a moment I shall be at her feet (*Crosses to L.H.*)—Go with me through the Park—Oh, no—I cry you mercy—You walk, but I fly.

[*Exit, Granger L.H. Sandford R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Mr. Doiley's.*

MR. and MISS DOILEY *discovered at Breakfast—servant waiting.*

Doil. Here take away—take away. Remember, we are not at home to nobody, but to Mr. Gradus.

Serv. The formal gentleman that was here last night, sir ?

Doil. Yes, (*Snappishly.*) the gentleman that was here last night. [*Exit. Servant, L.H.*] What! I see you are resolved for to have poor Gradus's heart, Elizabeth!—I never saw you so tricked out in a morning before. But he isn't none of your chaps that's to be caught with a mountain head, nor knots, nor gewgaws—No, no; you must mind your P's and Q's with him, I can tell you. And don't laugh now when he's with you—You've a confounded knack at laughing; and there's nothing so odious in the eyes of a wise man as a great laugher.

Miss Doil. Oh! his idea is as reviving as burnt feathers in hysterics—I wish I had seen him last night, with all the rust of Oxford about him; he must have been the greatest provocative to mirth.

Doil. How! What! a provocative to mirth!—Why, hussey, he was recommended to me by an antikary doctor of the Royal Society—he has finished his larning some time; and they want him to come and drink and hunt in Shropshire—Not he—he sticks to Al-Mater; and the College-heads have been laid together many a time to know whether he shall be a great judge, a larned physician, or a civility doctor.

Miss Doil. Nay, then, sir, if he's all this—laughing will be irresistible.

Doil. Don't put me in a passion, Betty—don't go for to put me in a passion. What, would you have a man with an

eternal grin upon his face, like the head of a knocker? And hopping and skipping about like a Dutch doll with quicksilver in its heels? If you must have a husband of that sort, so be it—you know the rest.

Miss Doil. Surely, sir, 'tis possible for a man who does not move as if cut in wood, or speak as though he delivered his words by tale, to have breeding, and to——

Doil. May be—may be; but your man of breeding is not fit for old Doiley's son. What! shall I go for to give the labour of thirty years to a young jackanapes, who'll come into the room with a dancing-school step, and prate of his grandfather Sir Thomas, his great grandfather the general, and his great-great-great grandfather, merely because I can't tell whether I ever had one or no?

Miss Doil. I hope, sir, that such a man could never engage my——

Doil. Pshaw! pshaw! *you* can't pretend for to judge of a man—all hypocrites and deceivers.

Miss Doil. Except Mr. Gradus.

Doil. Oh, he! He's very different from your men of breeding, I assure you. The most extraordinary youth that was ever turned out of college. None of your randans, up all night—not drinking and wenching——No—in his room—poring, and reading, and studying. Oh, the joy that I shall have in hearing him talk! I do love *larning*. I was grieved—grieved to the soul, Betty, when thou wert born. I had set my heart upon a boy; and if thou hadst been a boy, thou shouldst have had Greek, and algebra, and jometry enough for an archbishop.

Miss Doil. I am sorry——

Doil. No, no; don't be sorry; be obedient, and all will be as it should be. You know I doat on you, you young slut. I left Eastcheap for Westminster, on purpose to please you. Hav'n't I carried you to Bath, Brimmigem, and Warley-Common, and all the genteel places? I never grudge you no expense, nor no pleasure whatsomever.

Miss Doil. Indeed, sir, you are most indulgent.

Doil. Well, then, don't thwart me, Betty—don't go for to thwart me, that's all. Since you came into the world, and disappointed your father of a son, 'tis your duty to give him a wise *son-in-law*, to make up his loss.

Enter CHARLOTTE, R.H.

Char. Mrs. Taffety, the mantua-maker, is in your dressing-room, ma'am.

Doil. Then send her away—she hasn't no time now for Mrs. Taffety.

Miss Doil. Aye, send her away, Charlotte—What does she want? I didn't send for her.

Char. Bless me—'tis the captain. (*Apart.*)

Miss Doil. Oh, heavens! (*Aside.*) Yes, I do remember—Aye, I did—I did send for her about the painted lute-string.

Doil. Bid her come again to-morrow, I say.

Char. Lord bless me, sir; I dare say she can't come again to-morrow. Such mantua-makers as Mrs. Taffety won't wait half a dozen times on people—Why, sir, she comes to her customers in a chair of her own; and her footman beats a tattoo at the door as if she was a countess.

Doil. A mantua-maker with her footman and chair! O lud! O lud! I should as soon have expected a duchess in a wheelbarrow.

Miss Doil. Pray, sir, allow me just to step and speak to her—it is the sweetest gown—and I'd give the world were you as much charmed with it as I am.

Doil. Coaxing slut! [*Exeunt Miss Doil. and Charlotte. R.H.*—Where the devil can Gradus be now?—Well, good fortune never comes in a hurry—If I'd pitched upon your man of breeding, he'd have been here an hour ago—sipped his jocklate, kissed Elizabeth's fingers, hopped into his carriage, and away to his wench, to divert her with charactures of the old fellow and his daughter. Oh! before I'd give my gains to one of these puppies, I'd spend them all in building hospitals for lazy lacquies and decayed pimps. [*Exit, L.H.*

SCENE III.—*A Dressing Room.*

Enter MISS DOILEY and GRANGER, R.H.

Miss Doil. A truce to your transports! Perhaps I am too much inclined to believe all you can swear—but this must be a moment of business. To secure me to yourself, are you willing to enter into measures that—

Grang. Any thing!—every thing! I'll have a chaise at the Park-gate in five minutes; and we'll be in Scotland, my Elizabeth, before your new lover has settled his address.

Miss Doil. Pho! pho! you're a mere bungler at contrivance; if you'll be guided by me, my father shall give me to you at St. James's Church, in the face of the world.

Grang. Indeed!

Miss Doil. Indeed.

Grang. I fear to trust it, my angel! Beauty can work miracles with all mankind; but an obstinate father——

Miss Doil. It is *you* who must work the miracle. I have settled the whole affair with my cousin, who has understanding and wit—and you have only to be obedient.

Grang. I am perfectly obedient——Pray, give me my lesson.

Miss Doil. Why, luckily, you know my father has never seen you——he left Bath before you had the sauciness——

Enter CHARLOTTE, with a Bundle, L.H.

Char. There! you're finely caught!—Here's your father and Mr. Gradus actually upon the stairs, coming here.

Grang. Zounds! where's the closet?

Miss Doil. Oh, Lord! here's no closet—I shall faint with terror.

Grang. No back stairs? No clothes-press?

Char. Neither, neither! But here—I'm your guardian angel—(*Untying the Bundle.*)—I told 'em Mrs. Taffety was here; so, without more ceremony, clap on these—and, my life for it, you'll pass muster with my uncle.

Grang. What! make a woman of me? By Jupiter——

Char. Lay your commands on him—If he doesn't submit, we are ruined.

Miss Doil. Oh, you shall, I protest. Here, I'll put his cap on.

Doil. (*Without, L.H.*) This way, sir—come this way—We'll take her by surprise—least preparation is best. (*Pulling at the door.*) Open the door!

Miss Doil. Presently, sir.

Doil. (*Knocking.*) What the dickens are you doing, I say? Open the door!

Char. In a moment—I'm only pinning my cousin's gown

—Lord bless me! you hurry on so, you have made me prick my finger. There, now you may enter. (*Opens the door.*)

Enter DOILEY and GRADUS, L.H.

Doil. Oh! only my daughter's mantua-maker.—(*Granger makes curtseys, and goes out L.H. followed by Charlotte.*)
—Here, Elizabeth, this is that Mr. Gradus I talked to you about. Bless me! I hope you a'n't ill—you look as white as a candle.

Miss Doil. No, sir, not ill; but this woman has fretted me to death—she has spoiled my gown.

Doil. Why then, make her pay for it, d'ye hear? It's my belief, if she was to pay for all she spoils, she'd soon drop her chair, and trudge a foot.—Mr. Gradus—beg pardon—this is my daughter—don't think the worse of her because she's a little dash'd, or so.

Grad. Bashfulness, Mr. Doiley, is the robe of modesty—and modesty, as hath been well observed, is a sunbeam on a diamond, giving force to its beauty, and exalting its lustre.

Doil. He was a deep one, I'll warrant him, that said that—I remember something like it in the Wisdom of Solomon. Come, speak to Elizabeth, there—I see she won't till you've broke the ice.

Grad. Madam!—(*Bows, and crosses to centre*)—hem—permit me——this honour—hem—believe me, lady, I have more satisfaction in beholding you, than I should have in conversing with Grævius and Gronovius; I had rather possess your approbation than that of the elder Scaliger; and this apartment is more precious to me than was the Lyceum Portico to the most zealous of the Peripatetics.

Doil. There! Shew me a man of breeding who could talk so! (*Aside.*)

Miss Doil. I believe all you have said to be very fine, sir; but, unfortunately, I don't know the gentleman you mentioned. The education given to women shuts us entirely from such refined acquaintance.

Grad. Perfectly right, madam, perfectly right. The more simple your education, the nearer you approach the pure manners of the purest ages. The charms of women were never more powerful—never inspired such atchieve-

ments, as in those immortal periods, when they could neither read nor write.

Doil. Not read nor write! zounds what a time was that for to bring up a daughter! Why, a peeress in those days did not cost so much as a barber's daughter in ours. Miss Friz must have her dancing, her French, her tambour, her harpsicholl, jography, her stromony—whilst her father, to support all this, lives upon sprats: or, once in two years, calls his creditors to a composition.

Grad. *Oh, tempora mutantur!* but these exuberances, Mr. Doiley, indigitate unbounded liberty.

Doil. Digitate or not—ifackens, if the ladies would take my advice, they'd return to their distaffs, and grow notable—to distinguish themselves from their shopkeepers' wives.

Grad. Ah! it was at the loom, and the spinning-wheel, that the Lucretias and Portias of the world imbibed their virtue; that the mothers of the Gracchi, the Horatii, the Antonini, caught that sacred flame with which they inspired their sons, and with the milk of their own pure bosoms gave them that fortitude, that magnanimity, which made them conquerors and kings.

Enter a SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. Sir, here's a lord! Lord Pharo!

Doil. Lord Pharo! hum—then the four aces run against him last night. Well, the ill-luck of some, and the fine taste of others, makes my money breed like rabbits.

(Aside.)

Serv. Sir—

Doil. Well, well, I'm coming.—When a lord wants money, he'll wait as patiently as any body. Well, Mr. Gradus, I'm your humble servant. Elizabeth!—you understand me.

[Exit, L.H.]

Grad. How unlucky the old gentleman should be called away! Hem! (*Addressing himself to speak to her.*) There is something in her eyes so sarcastic, I'd rather pronounce the *Terræ-filius*, than address her. (*Aside.*) Madam!—What can I say? Oh, now—that's fortunate. (*Aside—Pulling out some papers.*)—Hem! I will venture to request your ideas, madam on a little autographon, which I design for the world.



Miss Doil. Sir!

Grad. In which I have found a new chronometer, to prove that Confucius and Zoroaster were the same person; and that the Pyramids are not so ancient by two hundred years, as the world believes.

Miss Doil. O Lord, sir, you may as well offer me a sheet of hieroglyphics—besides, I hate reading.

Grad. Hate reading!

Miss Doil. Ay, to be sure; what's reading good for, but to give a stiff embarrassed air? It makes a man move as if made by a carpenter, who had forgot to give him joints—(*Observing him.*) He twirls his hat, and bites his thumb, whilst his hearers, his *beholders*, I mean, are gaping for his wit.

Grad. The malicious creature! 'tis my picture she has been drawing; and now 'tis more impossible for me to speak than ever. (*Aside.*)

Miss Doil. For my part—for my part, if I was a man, I'd study only dancing and bon-mots. With no other learning than these, he may be light and frolicksome as Lady Airy's ponies; but loaded with Greek, philosophy, and mathematics, he's as heavy and dull as a cart-horse.

Grad. *Fœmina cum voce diaboli.* (*Aside.*)

Miss Doil. Bless me, sir! why are you silent? My father told me you was a lover—I never saw such a lover in my life. By this time you should have said fifty brilliant things—found an hundred similes for my eyes, complexion, and wit. Can your memory furnish you with nothing pat?—No poetry—no heroics! What subject did Portia's lovers entertain her with, while she sat spinning—aye?

Grad. The lovers of that age, madam, were ignorant of frothy compliments. Instead of being gallant, they were brave; instead of flattery, they studied virtue and wisdom. It was these, madam, that nerved the Roman arm; that empowered her to drag the nations of the world at her chariot wheels, and that raised to such an exalted height—

Miss Doil. That down she tumbled in the dust—and there I beg you'll leave her. Was ever any thing so monstrous! I ask for a compliment, and you begin an oration—an oration on a parcel of stiff warriors and formal pedants. Why, sir, there is not one of these brave, wise,

godlike men, but will appear as ridiculous in a modern assembly as a judge in his long wig and macaroni jacket.

Grad. Now I am dumb again. Oh, that I had you at Brazen-nose, madam!—I could manage you there. (*Aside.*)

Miss Doil. What! now you're in the pouts, sir? 'Tis mighty well. Bless us! what a life a wife must lead with such a being! Hang me if I would not sooner marry the bust of Seneca, in bronze—then I should have all the gravity and coldness of wisdom, without its impertinence.

Grad. The impertinence of wisdom!—Surely, madam, or I am much deceived, you possess a mind capable of—

Miss Doil. Now I see, by the twist of your chin, sir, you are beginning another oration—but, I protest, I will never hear you speak again, till you have forsworn those tones, and that manner. Go, sir—throw your books into the fire, turn your study into a dressing-room, hire a dancing-master, and grow agreeable. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Grad. Plato! Aristotle! Zeno! I abjure ye. A girl bred in a nursery, in whose soul the sacred lamp of knowledge hath scarcely shed its faintest rays, hath vanquished, and struck dumb, the most faithful of your disciples.

Enter CHARLOTTE, L.H.

Here's another she devil; I'd as soon encounter a she-wolf. (*Going.*)

Char. Stay, sir, pray, an instant! Lord bless me! am I such a scare-crow? I was never run from by a young man before in my life. (*Pulls him back.*)

Grad. I resolve henceforward to run from your whole sex.—Youth and beauty are only other names for coquetry and affectation. Let me go, madam; (*Crosses to L.H.*) you have beauty, and doubtless all that belongs to it.

Char. Lud! you've a mighty pretty whimsical way of complimenting—Miss Doiley, might have discerned something in you worth cherishing, in spite of that husk of scholarship.

Grad. Indeed!

Char. Positively. I have listened to your conversation, and I can't help being concerned that talents which ought to do you honour, should, by your mismanagement, be con-

verted into downright ridicule. *Knowledge*, as you manage it, is a downright *bore*.

Grad. Boar! What relation can there be between knowledge and a hog?

Char. Lord bless me! how ridiculous! You have spent your time in learning the dead languages, and ignorant of the living.—Why, sir, *bore* is all the *ton*.

Grad. Ton! ton! What may that be? It cannot be orthology: I do not recollect its root in the parent languages.

Char. Ha! ha! ha! better and better. Why, sir, *ton* means—*ton* is—pho! what signifies where the root is? These kinds of words are the short hand of conversation, and convey whole sentences at once. All one likes is *ton*, and all one hates is *bore*.

Grad. And is that divine medium, which pourtrays our minds, and makes us *first* in the animal climax! is *speech* become so arbitrary, that—

Char. Divine medium! animal climax! (*Contemptuously.*) You know very well, the use of language is to express one's likes and dislikes—and a pig will do this as effectually by its squeak, or a hen with her cackle, as you with your Latin and Greek.

Grad. What can I say to you?

Char. Nothing;—but yield yourself to my guidance, and you shall conquer Miss Doiley.

Grad. Madam, I'll take you for my Minerva—cover me with your shield, and lead me to battle.

Char. In the first place, (*Leading him to a Glass.*) in the first place, did you ever see a Cupid in a grizzle wig?

Grad. I perceive my error. The votaries of love commence a new childhood; and dignity would be as unbecoming in them as a hornpipe to a Socrates—but habit is so strong, that, to gain an empress, I could not assume that careless air, that promptness of expression—

Char. Then you may give up the pursuit of Miss Doiley.

Grad. It is *Mr. Doiley*, who will—

Char. *Mr. Doiley!* ridiculous—depend on it he'll let her marry just whom she will.—This *Mr. Gradus*, says he—why, I don't care a groat whether you marry him or no, says he—there are fifty young fellows at Oxford who can talk Greek as well as he—

Grad. Indeed!

Char. I have heard a good account of the young man, says he. But all I ask of you is, to receive two visits from him—no more than *two* visits. If you don't like him—so; if you do, I'll give you half my fortune on the day of marriage, and the rest at my death.

Grad. What a singularity! to limit me to *two* visits—*One* is already past, and she hates me—What can I expect from the other?

Char. Every thing. It is a *moment* that decides the fate of a lover. Now fancy me, Miss Doiley—swear I'm a divinity—then take my hand, and press it—thus.

Grad. Heavens! her touch has thrilled me.

Char. And if I should pout and resent the liberty, make your apology on my lips. (*Gradus catches her in his Arms, and kisses her.*) So, so, you *have* fire, I perceive.

Grad. Can you give me any more lessons?

Char. Yes; but this is not the place. I have a friend—Mr. Sandford, whom you saw here last night—you shall dine with him; he will initiate you at once in the fashionable rage, and teach you to trifle agreeably. You shall be equipped from his wardrobe, to appear here in the evening a man of the world. Adieu to Grizzles, and— [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Drawing Room.*

Enter GRADUS, led by CHARLOTTE, and followed by MR. SANDFORD, L.H.

Char. Well, I protest this is an improvement!—Why, what with satins and tassels, and spangles and foils, you look as fine as a chymist's shop by candlelight.

Grad. Madam, do you approve—

Char. Oh, amazingly—I'll run and send Miss Doiley to admire you. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Grad. (*Looking in a Glass.*) Oh, if our proctor could now behold me! he would never believe that figure to be Jeremy Gradus.

Sand. Very true, and I give you joy. No one would conceive you'd ever been within gun-shot of a college.

Grad. What must I do with this?

Sand. Your *chapeau bras*—wear it thus. These hats are for the arm only.

Grad. A hat for the arm! what a subversion of ideas! Oh, Mr. Sandford—if the sumptuary laws of Lycurgus—

Sand. Damn it! will you never leave off your college cant? I tell you once more—and, by Jupiter, if you don't attend to me, I'll give you up—I say, you must forget that such fellows ever existed—that there was ever a language but English—a classic but Ovid, or a volume but his *Art of Love*.

Grad. I will endeavour to form myself from your instructions—but tarry with me, I entreat you—if you should leave me—

Sand. I won't leave you. Here's your mistress—Now, Gradus, stand to your arms.

Grad. I'll do my best.

Enter MISS DOILEY, R.H.

Sand. Hush! Your devoted: allow me, madam, to introduce a gentleman to you, in whose affairs I am particularly interested—Mr. Gradus.

Miss Doil. Mr. Gradus! Is it possible?

Grad. (*Kneels.*) Be not astonished, Oh, lovely maiden, at my sudden change! Beauty is a talisman which works true miracles, and, without a fable, transforms mankind.

Miss Doil. Your transformation, I fear, is too sudden to be lasting—

Grad. Transformation! Resplendent Virgo! brightest constellation of the starry zone! I am but now *created*. Your charms, like the Promethean fire, have warmed the clod to life, and rapt me to a new existence. (*Rises.*)

Miss Doil. But may I be sure you'll never take up your old rust again?

Grad. Never. Sooner shall Taurus with the Pisces join, Copernicus to Ptolemy resign their spheres, than I be what I was.

Miss Doil. I shall burst. (*Aside.*)

Sand. Well, you've hit it off tolerably, for a *coup d'essai*—But pr'ythee, Gradus, can't you talk in a style a little less fustian? You remember how those fine fellows conversed you saw at dinner; no sentences, no cramp words—all was ease and impudence.

Grad. Yes, I remember. Now the shell is burst, I shall soon be fledged.

DOILEY, entering, starts back, M.D.

Doil. Why, who the Dickens have we here?

Sand. So, there's the old genius!

Miss Doil. But I am convinced now—I am convinced now this is all put on—in your heart you are still Mr. Gradus.

Grad. Yes, madam, still Gradus; but not that stiff scholastic fool you saw this morning: no, no, I've learned that the acquisitions of which your father is so ridiculously fond, are useless lumber; that a man who knows more than his neighbours is in danger of being shut out of society; or, at best, of being invited to dinner once in a twelvemonth, to be exhibited like an antique bronze, or a porridge-pot from Herculaneum.

Doil. Zounds; 'tis he! I'm all over in a cold sweat. (*Behind.*)

Miss Doil. And don't you think learning the greatest blessing in the world?

Grad. Not I, truly, madam—Learning! a vile bore!

Doil. Do I stand upon my head or my heels? (*Aside.*)

Grad. I shall leave all those fopperies to the greybeards at college. Let 'em chop logic, or make English hashes out of stale Hebrew, till they starve, for me.

Sand. This is your resolution?

Grad. Fixed as Ixion on his wheel. I have no study now but the *ton*.

Doil. Indeed! (*Aside.*)

Miss Doil. How different from what you was this morning!

Grad. Oh, mention it not—I abhor my former self, madam, more than you can: witness now the recantation of my errors. Learning, with all its tribe of solemn fopperies, I abjure—abjure for ever.

Doil. You do. (Aside.)

Grad. The study of what is vulgarly called philosophy, may suit a monk; but it is as unbecoming a gentleman, as loaded dice, or a brass-hilted sword.

Doil. Larning unbecoming a gentleman!—Very well! (Aside.)

Grad. Hebrew I leave to the Jew rabbies, Greek to the bench of bishops, Latin to the apothecaries, and astronomy to almanack makers.

Doil. Better and better.

Grad. The mathematics—mixed, pure, speculative, and practical, with their whole circle of sciences, I consign, in a lump, to old men who want blood, and to young ones who want bread. And now you've heard my whole abjuration.

Doil. (*Rushing forward.*) Yes—and I have heard too—I have heard. Oh, that I should ever have been such a dolt, as to take thee for a man of larning!

Grad. Mr. Doiley! (*Confounded.*)

Doil. What? don't be dash'd, man, go on with your abjurations, do. Yes, you'll make a shine in the tone.—Oh, that ever I should have been such a nincompoop!

Sand. My dear, Mr. Doiley, do not be in a heat. How can a man of your discernment—Now look at Gradus—I'm sure he's a much prettier fellow than he was—his figure and his manner are quite different things.

Doil. Yes, yes, I can see that—I can see that—Why, he has turn'd little Æsop upside down—he's the lion in the skin of an ass. (*Walking about.*)

Grad. I must retrieve myself in his opinion. The skin, Mr. Doiley, may be put off; and be assured, that the mind which has once felt the sacred energies of wisdom, though it may assume, for a moment—

Miss Doil. So, so! (*Angrily.*)

Sand. (*Apart.*) Hark ye, sir, that won't do. By heaven, if you play retrograde, I'll forsake you on the spot. You are ruined with your mistress in a moment.

Grad. Dear madam! believe me, that as for—What can I say!—how assimilate myself to two such opposite tastes! I stand reeling here between two characters, like a substantive between two adjectives.

Doil. You! you for to turn fop and maccaroni! Why,

'twould be as natural for a Jew rabbin to turn parson. An elephant in pinnars—a bishop with a rattle and bells, couldn't behave more posterous.

Sand. Nay, now, my dear Mr. Doiley—

Doil. Dear me! no dears. Why, if I wanted a macaroni, I might have had choice; every alley from Hyde Park to Shadwell Dock swarms with 'em—genuine; and d'ye think I'll have an amphiberous thing—half and half, like the sea-calf at Sir Ashton's?

Sand. Oh, if that's all, an hundred to ten, Gradus will soon be as complete a character as if he had never learnt his alpha beta, or known more of the classics than their names.

Doil. Oh, I warrant him. Now, what do ye think of the Scratchi, the Hørsi, and the rest of 'em? aye?

Grad. Oh, a mere *bore!* a parcel of brawny, untaught fellows, who knew no more of life than they did of Chinese. If they had stood candidates for rank in a college of taste, they'd been returned *ignorantur*—Would they not, madam?

Miss Doil. Oh, certainly. I could kiss the fellow, he has entered into my plot with such spirit. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Doil. Why, you've been in wonderful haste, to get rid of the igranter part—but as it happened, *that* was the only part I cared for; so now you may carry your hogs to another market; they won't do for me.

Grad. My hogs!

Doil. Aye, your boars—your improvements—your fashionable airs—your—in short, you are not the man I took you for; so you may trot back to college again: go, mister, and teach 'em the tone, do. Lord, how they'll stare! Jeremy Gradus, or the monkey returned from travel!

Sand. Upon my honour, you are too severe. Leave us, man—leave us—I'll settle your affair, I warrant (*Aside to Gradus.*)

Grad. Not so easily, I fear—he sticks to his point like a rusty weather-cock—All my dependance is on the lady.

(*Aside to Sand.*)

Sand. You'll allow Gradus to speak to Miss Doiley.

Doil. Oh, aye, to be sure—the more *he* speaks the less she'll like him. Here, shew Mr. Gradus the dressing-room. [*Crosses to L.H.—Exit, Gradus, R.H.*] Give her another dose; surfeit her by all means.—Why, sure, Mr. Sandford, you had no hand in trauzmogrifying the—

Sand. Yes, faith I had. I couldn't endure the idea of seeing your charming daughter tied to a collection of Greek apophthegms and Latin quotations; so I endeavoured to English him.

Doil. English him! I take it shocking ill of you, Mr. Sandford—that I must tell you—Here are all my hopes gone like a whiff of tobacco!

Sand. Pho! my dear Mr. Doiley, this attachment of yours to scholarship is a mere whim—

Doil. Whim!—Well, suppose it is; I will have my whim. Worked hard forty years, and saved above twice as many thousand pounds; and if so much labour, and so much money, won't entitle a man to whim, I don't know what the devil should.

Sand. Nor I either, I'm sure.

Doil. To tell you a bit of a secret—lack of larning has been my great detriment. If I'd been a scholar, there's no knowing what I might have got—my plum might have been two—my—

Sand. Why, doubtless a little classical knowledge might have been useful in driving your bargains for Russia tallow, and whale blubber.

Doil. Aye, to be sure! And I do verily believe it hindered me from being Lord Mayor—only think of that—Lord Mayor of London!

Sand. How so?

Doil. Why I tended the common council and all the parish meetings for fifteen years, without daring for to make one arangue; at last a westry was called about choosing of a turncock. So now, thinks I, I'll shew 'em what I'm good for. Our alderman was in the purples—so, thinks I, if he tips off, why not I as well as another?—So I'll make a speech about patrots, and then ax for their votes.

Sand. Very judicious!

Doil. If you'll believe me, I got up three times—Silence! says Mr. Cryer; and my tongue grew so dry with fright, that I couldn't wag it; so I was forced to squat down again, 'midst horse laughs; and they nick-named me Dummy, through the whole ward.

Sand. Wicked rogues! Well, I ask your pardon; I had no idea of these important reasons. Yet, how men differ? Now the family of Sir Wilford Granger are quite

distressed by the obstinate attachment to the sciences of that fine young fellow I told you of this morning.

Doil. Aye! What's he Sir Wilford Granger's son? Knew his father very well—kept a fine study of horses, and lost many thousands by it; lent him money many a time—good man—always punctual.

Sand. Aye, sir, but this youth disappointed all his hopes. Oh, it gave his father great trouble.

Doil. Great trouble! Dear me, dear me! I always thought Sir Wilford had been a wiser man—Why, *I* would have given the world for such a son.

Sand. He swallows it rarely! (*Aside.*)—Oh, he piques himself on such trifles as reading the Greek and Latin authors in their own tongues, and mastering all the quibbles of our English philosophers—

Doil. English philosophers! I wouldn't give a farthing for *them*.

Sand. Why, sure you have heard of a Bacon, a Locke, a Newton——

Doil. Newton! oh, aye, I have heard of Sir Isaac—every body has heard of Sir Isaac—great man—Master of the Mint.

Sand. Oh, sir! this youth has found a dozen mistakes in his theories, and proved him wrong in one or two of his calculations. In short he is advised to give the world a system of his own, in which, for aught I know, he'll prove the earth to be concave instead of spherical, and the moon to be no bigger than a punch-bowl.

Doil. (*Aside.*) He's the man——he's the man!——Look'e, Mr. Sandford, you've given a description of this young fellow, that's set my blood in a ferment. *Do* you—now, my dear friend, *do* you think now that you could prevail upon him to marry my daughter?

Sand. Why, I don't know——neither beauty nor gold has charms for him. Knowledge—knowledge is his mistress.

Doil. Aye! I'm sorry for that—and yet I'm glad of it too. Now, see what ye can do with him—see what ye can do with him!

Sand. Well, well, I'll try. He promised to call on me here this evening, in his way to the Museum. I don't know whether he isn't below now.

Doil. Below now? Ifackins, that's lucky—hang *me* if it isn't! Do, go and—and speak to him a bit—and bring him up—bring him up. Tell him, if he'll marry Elizabeth, I'll *give* him, that is, I'll *leave* him every farthing I have in the world.

Sand. Well, since you are so very earnest, I'll see what I can do. [*Exit, L.H.*

Doil. Thank'e thank'e! I'cod! I'll buy him twice as many books as a college library, but what I'll bribe him—that I will. What the dickens can Elizabeth be about with that thing there, that Gradus! He a man of larning! Hang me if I don't believe his head's as hollow as my cane. Sure she can't have taken a fancy to the smattering monkey! Ho, there they are—here he comes! Why there's Greek and Algebra in his face.

Enter SANDFORD and GRANGER, dressed in black, L.H.

Mr. Granger, your very humble sarvant, sir, I'm very glad to see you, sir. (*Crosses to centre.*)

Grang. I thank you, sir, (*Very solemnly.*)

Doil. I knew your father, sir, as well as a beggar knows his dish. Mayhap Mr. Sandford told you that I wanted for to bring you and my daughter acquainted—I'll go and call her in.

Grang. 'Tis unnecessary.

Doil. He seems a mighty silent man. (*Apart.*)

Sand. Studying—studying. Ten to one he's forming a discourse in Arabic, or revolving one of Euclid's problems.

Doil. Couldn't you set him a talking a bit? I long for to hear him talk.

Sand. Come man! forget the old sages a moment. Can't the idea of Miss Doiley give a fillip to your imagination?

Grang. (*Crosses to centre.*) Miss Doiley, I'm inform'd, is as lovely as a woman can be. But what is woman?—Only one of Nature's agreeable blunders.

Doil. Hum! That smacks of something! (*Aside.*) Why, as to that, Mr. Granger, a woman with no portion but her whims, might be but a kind of a Jew's bargain; but when fifty thousand is popt into the scale, she must be bad indeed, if her husband does not find her a pen'worth.

Grang. With men of the world, Mr. Doiley, fifty thousand pounds might have their weight; but, in the balance of philosophy, gold is light as dephlogisticated air.

Doil. That's deep—I can make nothing of it—that must be deep. (*Aside.*) Mr. Granger! the great account I have heard of your larning, and what not, has made me willing for to be a kin to you.

Grang. Mr. Sandford suggested to me your design, sir; and as you have so nobly proposed your daughter as the prize of learning, I have an ambition to be related to you.

Doil. (*Aside.*) But I'll see a bit farther into him though, first. Now pray, Mr. Granger! pray now—a—I say—(*Aside to Sand.*) Ax him some deep question, that he may shew himself a bit.

Sand. What the devil shall I say? A deep question you would have it? Let me see! (*Aside.*)—Oh, Granger, is it your opinion that the ancient antipodes walked erect, or crawled on all-fours?

Grang. A thinking man always doubts—but the best informations concur that they were quadrupeds during two revolutions of the sun, and bipedes ever after.

Doil. Quadpedes! Bipedes! What a fine man he is!
(*Aside.*)

Sand. A surprising transformation!

Grang. Not more surprising than the transformation of an eruca to a chrysalis, a chrysalis to a nymph, and a nymph to a butterfly.

Doil. There again! I see it will do—I see it will do—aye, that I will—hang me if I don't.
(*Aside.*)

[*Exit, chuckling and laughing, R.H.*]

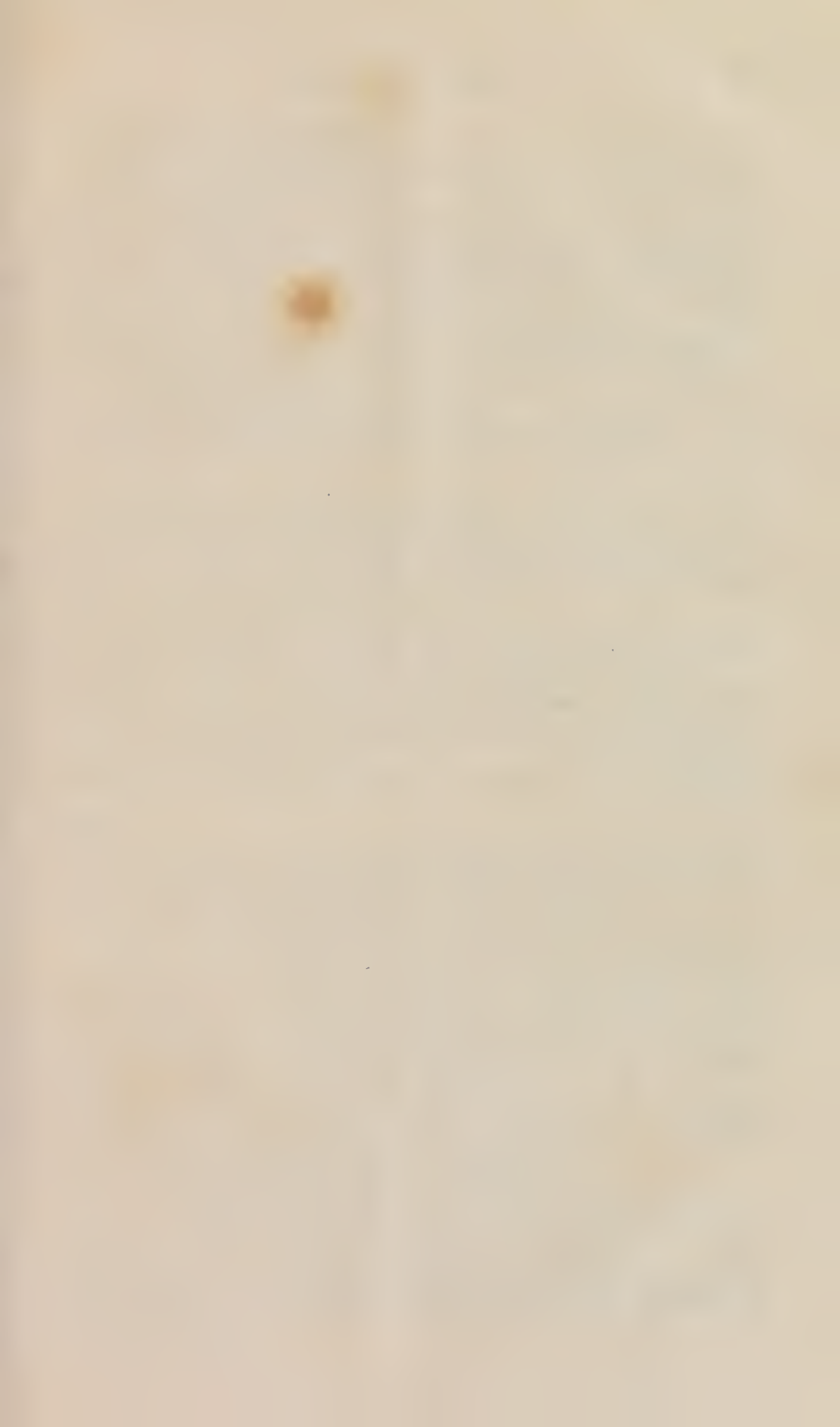
Grang. What's he gone off for, so abruptly?

Sand. For his daughter, I hope. Give you joy, my dear fellow! the nymph, the eruca, and the chrysalis, have won the day.

Grang. How shall I bound my happiness? My dear Sandford, that was the luckiest question, about the antipodes.

Sand. Yes, pretty successful. Have you been at your studies?

Grang. Oh, I've been in the dictionary this half hour; and have picked up cramp words enough to puzzle and delight the old gentleman the remainder of his life.





Sand. Here he is, faith—

Grang. And Elizabeth with him—I hear her dear footsteps! Oh, how shall I——

Doil. (*Without, R.H.*) Come along, I say—what a plague are you so modest for? Come in here, (*Pulls in Gradus by the arm, R.H.*) Here, I've brought him—one of your own kidney—ha! ha! ha! Now I'll lay you a gallon you can't guess what I've brought him for; I've brought him—ha! ha! ha! for to pit him against you, (*To Granger*) to see which of you two is the most larned—ha! ha!

Grang. Ten thousand devils, plagues, and furies!
(*Aside to Sand.*)

Sand. Here's a blow up! (*Aside.*)

Doil. Why, for all he looks so like a nincompoop in this pye-pick'd jacket, he's got his noddle full of Greek and Algebra, and them things. Why, Gradus, don't stand aloof, man; this is a brother scholar, I tell ye.

Grad. A scholar! *all* who have earned that distinction are my brethren. *Carissime frater, gaudeo te videre.*

Grang. Sir—you—I——most obedient. I wish thou wert in the bottom of the Red Sea, and the largest folio in thy library about thy neck. (*Aside.*)

Sand. For heaven's sake, Mr. Doiley, what do you mean?

Doil. Mean! why, I mean for to pit 'em, to be sure, and to give Elizabeth to the winner.—Touch him up, touch him up! (*To Granger.*) Shew him what a fool he is.

Sand. Why, sure you won't set them together by the ears!

Doil. No, no; but I'm resolved to set them together by the tongues. To cut the business short—Mr. Gradus! you are to be sure a great dab at larning, and what not; but I'll bet my daughter, and fifty thousand to boot, that Granger beats ye—and he that wins shall have her.

Grang. Heavens, what a stake! 'Tis sufficient to inspire a dolt with the tongues of Babel. (*Aside.*)

Sand. My dear friend, think of the indelicacy——

Doil. Fiddle-de-dee!—I tell you, I will have my whim—and so, Gradus, set off. By Jenkin! you'll find it a tough business to beat Granger—he's one of your genius men—going to write a book about Sir Isaac, and the Moon, and the devil knows what.

Enter MISS DOILEY and CHARLOTTE, R.H.U.E.

Grad. If so, the more glorious will be my victory. Come, sir, let us enter the lists, since it must be so, for this charming prize. (*Pointing to Miss Doiley.*) Choose your weapons—Hebrew—Greek—Latin, or English. Name your subject; we will pursue it syllogistically, or socratically, as you please.

Grang. (*Aside.*) Curse your syllogisms, and Socraticisms!

Doil. No, no; I'll not have no English—What a plague! every shoe-black jabbers English—so give us a touch of Greek to set off with. Come, Gradus, you begin.

Grad. If it is merely a recitation of Greek that you want, you shall be gratified. An epigram that occurs to me will give you an idea of that sublime language.

*Panta gelos, kai panta konis, kai panta to meden,
Panta gar exalagon, esti taginomena.*

Doil. *Panta tri pantry!* Why, that's all about the pantry. What, the old Grecians loved tit-bits, mayhap; but that's low! ay, Sandford!

Sand. Oh, cursed low! he might as well have talked about a pig-stye.

Doil. Come, Granger, now for it! Elizabeth and fifty thousand pounds!

Grang. Yes, sir, I—I—am not much prepared; I could wish—I could wish—Sandford! (*Apart.*)

Sand. Zounds! say something!—any thing!

Doil. Hoity-toity! What, at a stand! Why, sure you can talk Greek as well as Gradus.

Grang. 'Tis a point I cannot decide; you must determine it. Now, impudence, embrace me with thy seven-fold shield! Zanthus, I remember in describing such a night as this—

Grad. Zanthus! you surely err. Homer mentions but one being of that name, except a river, and he was a horse.

Grang. Sir, he was an orator; and such an one, that Homer records, the Gods themselves inspired him.

Grad. True, sir; but you won't deny—

Doil. Come, come! I sha'n't have no brow-beating; nobody offered for to contradict you; so begin. (*To Granger.*) What said orator Zanthus?



Grang. You lucid orb, in æther pensile, irradiates the expanse. Refulgent scintillations, in the ambient void opaque, emit humid splendour. Chrysalic spheroids the horizon vivify—astifarious constellations, nocturnal sporades, in refrangerated radii, illumine our orbs terrene.

Doil. There, there! Well spoke, Granger! Now, Gradus, beat that!

Grad. I am enwrapt in astonishment! You are imposed on, sir. Instead of classical language, you have heard a rant in English.

Doil. English! zounds! d'ye take me for a fool? D'ye think I don't know my other mother-tongue!—'Twas no more like English, than I am like Whittington's cat.

Grad. It was every syllable English.

Doil. There's impudence! There wasn't no word of it English. If you take that for English, devil take me if I believe there was a word of Greek in all your *tri-pantrys*.

Grad. Oh! the torture of ignorance!

Doil. Ignorant! Come, come, none of your tricks upon travellers. I know you mean all that as a skit upon my education; but I'll have you to know, sir, that I'll read the hardest chapter of Nehemiah with you, for your ears.

Grad. I repeat that you are imposed on. Mr. Sandford I appeal to you.

Grang. And I appeal——

Sand. Nay, gentlemen, Mr. Doiley is your judge in all disputes concerning the vulgar tongue.

Doil. Aye, to be sure I am. Who cares for your peals? I peal too; and I tell you I won't be imposed on. Here, Elizabeth; I have got ye a husband, at last, to my heart's content.

Miss Doil. Him, sir! You presented that gentleman to me this morning, and I have found such a fund of merit in him——

Doil. In he! what, in that beau-bookworm! that argues me down, I don't know English? Don't go for to provoke me; bid that Mr. Granger welcome to my house: he'll soon be master on't.

Miss Doil. Sir, in obedience to the commands of my father—(*Significantly.*)

Doil. Sha'n't say obedience; say something kind to him of yourself.——He's a man after my own heart.

Miss Doil. Then, sir, without reserve, I acknowledge, your choice of Mr. Granger is perfectly agreeable to mine.

Doil. That's my dear Bet! (*Kissing her.*) We'll have the wedding directly. There! d'ye understand that, Mr. Tri-Pantry?—is that English?

Grad. Yes, so plain, that it has exsuscitated my understanding. I perceive I have been duped.

Doil. Aye, well! I had rather you should be the dupe than me.

Grad. Well, sir, I have no inclination to contest, if the lovely Charlotte will perform her promise.

Char. Agreed! provided that, in your character of husband, you will be as singular and old-fashioned as the wig you wore this morning.

Doil. What, cousin! have you taken a fancy to the scholar? Egad, you're a cute girl, and mayhap may be able to make something of him; and I don't care if I throw in a few hundreds, that you mayn't repent your bargain. Well, now I've settled this affair exactly to my own mind, I am the happiest man in the world. And, d'ye hear Gradus? I don't love for to bear malice; if you'll trot back to college, and larn the difference between Greek and English, why, you may stand a chance to be tutor, when they've made me a grandfather.

Grad. I have had enough of languages. You see I have just engaged a tutor to teach me to read the world; and if I play my part there as well as I did at Brazen-nose, your indulgence will grant me applause.

Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.



